n the aramie lains



Bow and straightened for the ran the Laramie ins to Kawans, wn through the Platte breaks the

ocometives, but with no sign as yet of banking up on the track.

banking up on the track.

The engines, puffing and blowing, made brave way against the blozzard and from the cab of the foremost the engineer looked out, keen-eyed against the blast, though the bits of ice in the wind stong his face the this fricks of a wind stong his face like the fricks of a winp. The fireman, swart with coal dest and stripped to their undershirts even in that temperature, steadily kept the fires going, and now and again bent low to the furnace doors to melt from their hair the ficiels formed of the persistration which ran from their open

and froze as it ran. the smoking-room of the last Sceper train little Dicky Culver dozed as the night fell, arousing himself now and againof look out with a great weariness upon the title waste. Little Dicky Chiver had ar-ived at the dignity of a vacation and had aken it in a trip to Chicago.

"It's devisish queer taste at this time of

year." Fessenden had said to the bays at the clab, after a night of seeing Dickey off, "but and I suppose we all feel a longing to get back into the world once in a while. I know I look forward to a reincurnation myself

his own way—which is the only proper kind of way—nud now he was on his way back to San Francisco, finding the road almost in terminable in the wintry weather. You'see there is always so much to look forward to for a Californian who comes back.

Nighi comes down fast upon the Laramie plains when it comes bearing a blizzard, and as the darkness closed in the wind arose, meaning stricking the chems of the lost. It dashed particles of ice against the do the windows of the car, and there was a shivery feeling in its million voices, though no touch of it came into the sing smoking compartment of the sleeper.

The porter came in presently, touched a

button and lighted the incandescent lights That shut out the sight of the sweeping firsts of the bilizzard, but could not shut out the meaning of the wind or the beating of the lee particles against the windows.

"It's a beastly night, porter," Dickey said, in sheer desperation for some one to talk to.

'Dat's right, bess. Hit's the wast run
I've had this fail.'

He went out, feeling the same human crav-

ing for company in the storm that Dickey did, but finding it more to his liking in the porter of the next car forward. Then

tickey dozed again.

He was the only passenger in the car, as it chanced, and winter travel over the Pacific raincinds is dreary business, even when there is picuty of company. Presently he shook himself together and lighted a cigar. Then he looked out into the dark There was a curve in the track just there and he saw the two brave engines cating their way into the teeth of the wind fighting it down, and the long train, like a great serpent of fire, deliled before tim. Then the engines vanished into a Cloud of steam, lurid with their own passing fires, and the lights were gone into the

"If I were in San Francisco builght," said Dickey thinking aloud from a sind of hungry desire to hear a voice, even if his own, to drown the wailing of the If its own, to drown the waining of the wind. "I would give a dimner at the Frenchman's, and I would have all the boys I could get—and there would be a lot, for it is a long ways from pay day. These fellows at the east may be ahead of us in some minor matters of civilization, but they do not know how to eat. I haven't and a square meal since I left San Fran

It will be observed that Dickey Culver had a pronunced case of nostalgia, and the surroundings were favorable to its perfect development. The Californian the surroundings were favorable to its perfect development. The Californian who does not develop homesickness on an eastern winter night is no true child of the sun-and surely he must become utterly homesick when he faces a Wyoning bliz-tard, even from the safe shelter of a win-

mard, even from the safe shelter of a win-dow of a vestibuled Pulman sleeper. "I wender," he went on still thinking about and peering out into the darkness, "whether there is any soil altroad on these plains tonight? I suppose not. The people who live here must have souse people who her the mark make susse enough to keep to whatever houses they have on such a night as this. It seems to me we are going slower and slower, I suppose two engines can pull us along all runty, but it would be something fright-

The axies creaked and strained, the warling of the sterm's voices was un-cousing, but the engines beat their way forward steadily. They seemed almost to bound into the darkness to advance by a succession of leaps, and in the train a mercession of leaps, and in the train behind them the passengers were preparing for bed as naturally as though they had been safely in their own widely scattered homes—all that little bloker Culver, alone in the last siesper. He smoked his cigar and looked out into the darkness.

Overcome presently by nervousness be are se from his lounging chair in the amore, and walked to the rear door of the car. He exail see no more than from the wind w of the smoker, but it rested him to get a new aspect of the darkness. The wind was valing here, but, and the

The wind was walling here, too, and the intile of the ice against the glass was even here startling.* It seemed almost to strike

As he shoul there he chanced to glance restitute of the car-and then with an exclamation be threw open the door it was as though hundreds of little knives were cutting the flesh of his face, but were charged the tream of me and a me had seen that in his downward glaince which made him careless of bridly pain. The little curic head of a child was there, buried in the snow, and he could see even through the fierce blast of the wind a ragged form huddled close against the door. The form almost fell into his arms, but there was a tearing of the frozen garments loose from the floor of the platform as he drew the child in and quickly shut the door. He lifted the child in his arms, stepped back into the smoking compartment and rang the bell for the porter. The form was that of a little girl, possibly six years old, with tear drops frozen upon her face, and it was so still and white that, as the light fell upon it, Dickey thought he had taken it out of the blizzard only to give it into the

He rang the bell again, chafing the child's hards meanwhile and striving to start again the flow of her feeble life As a reporter Dickey had been of San Francisco newspaper men to re wive those peristing of cold.

Again he rang the bell and this time the porier came. Perhaps he thought it was time "his gentleman" was going to bod -or, possibly, the other porters were too busy putting their gentlemen to bed for further gossip. At all events, be came and there was a series of sharp orders given, and presently Dickey had plenty of company. There was even a physician on the train-there usually is, as you will find out if you will take the trouble to as certain the next time you happen to traveland the physician, having no office hour while he was traveling, came along with the conductor and the brakeman, and a few curious and fewer merciful passengers to give what help be could. The physician's practice lying in a cold country, he knew precisely what to do in this emergency, and Dickey gladly released the principal responsibility to his more experienced the benefit of the curious passengers

HE Pacific over- how he chanced to see the little one lying

on the rear platform. on the rear platform.

The physician worked steadily over the child for ten or perhaps twenty minutes.

"She'll do now," he said at last, "let her sleep."

The porter, under Dickey's direction, and

with his dusky palm crossed with silver, made up an extra berth in the car, in which made up an extra berth in the car, in which the child was laid. She was sleeping the warm sleep of childhood, wrapped in Mr. Pullman's blankets and with Dickey's heavy overcoat thrown across her feet. The doc-tor and the curious passengers had returned to their own berths, and the conductor and his men had gone back to their work of sec-ing to the safety of the train, after assuring the portier of the last car that he would be held to no responsibility for the passenger held to no responsibility for the passenger be carried without ticket or berth check.

The storm waited across the Laramie plains and the ice particles beat upon the windows of the coach. Still steadily and fiercely the great throbbing engines fought their way into the storm, and from his lotty seat in the cab the engineer of the head locometive looked out upon the track while the ice stung his face and his breath con-gealed in his mustache. The firemen, water pouring out at their pores and freezing upon lieu, sill (ed inclaimes that were the life of the train, keeping it up to the motion that warded off ley death, and the steam from the cylinder froze and fell in a rain of fee beside the steel rails through all the long night.

long night.
In the and sleeper fittle Dickey Culver set and smoked, while the child slept peacefully in the laxury of a double lower berth, and from the stateroom came the steady snore of the receiver.

of the porter.
Dickey did not even doze in the night, for backey and not even dozen to high a was his day, and he was puzzling over how that child came to be upon the platform. Certainly she had not been there when the train left Medicine Bow, for he had stood upon that platform himself and watched the station out of sight—and it had been broad day then. The train had stopped not be trained to the station of the station broad day then. The train has stopped no-where, and yethow absurdit was to suppose that the child had been put there while the cars were in motion. How could she have been, and who could have done it? Even a Wyoming bizzard, strong as it was, did not bear little girls about on its wings and de

posit then upon the platforms of the sleep-ing cars for passengers to pick up.
Dickey could never tell afterward how many cigars he smoked that eight, but he exhausted his supply. It was in the early gray of daylight and the storm had spent its ce when the child awoke. The train was making fast way through the desolation that lies along Bitter Creek and over the vast plains was a white mantle that gittered as though studded with a million diamonds.

If she knew that I am Cupid

I could never, never win,

And I'd ne'er be taken in.

They are rare jewels that are carried in the

blizzard when the wind has done its work of spreading them out to deck the white bosom of thesnow covered plain. Faraway to the north there was a gleam of mountains,

white above blue, and in the northern sky

beyond the hills a plainsman would have told

on there was still more snow to come

Dickey only saw a sort of ashen gray sky, flushing to pink as the sun came up, which was like no sky he had ever seen in Califor-

Winter has its compensations," he

"I want my mamma," the little one said,

smiling up into his face-the sweet smile

Here was a dilemma. "Where is your mamma, little one?" Dickey said—a man's blundering capacity for saying the wrong

"Why," she said, "don't you know?"

We were going to my papa in California and we rode a long ways, and we had no more money and the man would not let us ride. Then we walked and I was tired. It was cold, too. My mamma put meon the steps and told me to be good—but the

dark came and it was cold, and so I opened

the door. Then I could not open the other door—and so I cried and went to sleep." "And where did mamma go, little one?"

Dickey Culver's voice could be gentle as a

mamma's upon occarions.
"Why, don't you know?" She said she was coming, too."

Dickey dropped the curtains of the berth and went into the forward car to look for

the conductor. One of the curious passen

gers of the night before, an early riser, stopped him as he went along and presently a good woman, the curious passenger's wife, went back into the last sleeper and come out with the child in her arms.

The matter was well known to all the

women in the train by this time, and, as

women will, from mysterious recesses of handbags, and sattchels, they drew enough material to make the child presentable in no time at all. She was a pretty child

enough, with dimpled cheeks and blue eyes

all she knew of it, over and over again, to whosver asked her, but there was a quiver in the warm, red lips now when she asked

Dickey in the meantime had found the

conductor. The train stopped at Green River anyway, and that was only a few miles further on. When the station was reached Dickey

and the train men jumped down from the rear platform of the last sleeper and peered under the trucks. What with snow and the cinders they could see nothing at first, but presently the brakeman muttered a side over the edges of the collar.

and golden hair, and she told her story

fer her mamma.

ood just awakened.

nia, but was nevertheless most beautiful.

thought-and then, hearing the child's voice

For she'd close the door upon me

curse and crawled under the car. The others followed. There, on top of the trucks, wedged in so hard and fast that it was amazing how she had ever gotten into such a position, was the body of a woman.
Of course, it was frozen stiff. Nothing
that lives can survive the bilizzard that
sweeps across the Laramie plains. And upon the body was no scrap of paper giving

the faintest clew to her name.

Dicker told the boys about it at the Green Shades on the first night after he came home. They were drinking hot punches at the time, Dickey and Pessenden and the third assistant, and the third assistant called for another and shivered and

sistant called for another and shivered and swore in his beard that he would adopt the little girl.

"Why no," said Dickey, "you cannot do that exactly, either. She came to Cali-fornia to find her father, and I propose that she shall find him."

"But how?"

"That my dear fellow, is a story not

"That, my dear fellow, is a story not yet told."

'FRISCO'S PNEUMATIC GUNS.

Throw Gelatine Charges Accurately a Distance of Three Miles. New York Sun.

The fortifications of San Francisco bave een strengthened in the last week through the acceptance by the government of three of the most powerful pneumatic guns yet tested, each of which threw 500 pound of high explosive upward of 5,000 yards with precision and terrific effect upon the water where it struck. Columns of water were thrown as high in the air as the Washington Monument, and the aim was so true that there would have been no difficulty in hitting any ship which they might have been aimed at. With 500 pounds of gela-tine a range of 2,100 yards was secured; explosions occurred both on impact with the water, and with a fixed fuse, two seconds after the shot struck, the water in each instance being tossed like a geyser spout over 600 feet in the air. With projectiles of the same explosive and a charge reduced to 100 pounds, the three guns propelled shells three miles and hit so properted shells three miles and fit so mear the mark aimed at that a battle ship would have easily been blown to pieces had she been the target.

These three guns are similar to those which are now mounted at Sandy Hook,

but the tests demonstrated that improve-ments have been made which place the new weapons in advance of those at New York, both in accuracy and power of The guns at Sandy Hook bave

CUPID IN DISGUISE.

tion of the ordnance experts the value of thistype of weapon as a part of the ordnance for the country simuldefenses, and hereafter some of these guns will be stationed at the important cities along the seaboard where

the department proposes constructing de-fenses invulnerable to attack from the sea.

Naval officers do not attach that value to the

dynamite gun that the army men do, prin-cipally because of its lack of range. This defect, they say, will make it possible for battleships to lie beyond the guns, range

and still be most effective against land bat-

teries, whereas torpedo boats of great swift-ness could dodge projectiles on account of their slow velocities. Eminent ordnance experts of the Army, in-

cluding Gen. Flagler, have contended that the

cooling coea. Fager, in avecome and that the pneumatic gun will be of incalcuable value in dealing with a large fleet, and that no ships would are approach within its range, knowing that an explosion of 500 pounds of gelatine in the vicinity of a vessel would have a

most disastrous result upon those on board. It is asserted further, that one shot from a

dynamite gun would be worth more than a broadside from a warship, and that the coun-try can well risk making a true shot occa-

onally with results as effective as those

following the impact of a projectile with a

Stunning Stationery.

Correspondence cards are entirely out

of favor. Their place is to be taken by sheets

of paper, about five inches long, torn

with the owner's monogram in the center

of the top, or her address in the left-hand

Bluebond paper is particularly fashionable. The very delicate shades of heliotrope and gray, so faint as to be almost uncertain,

are also in favor. They come more fre-

The monogram of the address in silver, gold or bronze, is the only adornment permitted at present on "correct" paper.

Charming Collarettes.

The handkerchief collars consist of a

louble straight band of batiste or fine

lawn, with four corners sewed on the top

and turned over on the outside, leaving

division at the center, back and front. The corners are of ballste tucked on the edge, plain in the center, with a row of Valen-ciennes lace inlaid between. The four cor-

ners of a fine openwork handkerchief could be taken for this purpose. Sometimes a band of ribbon is fitted around the lawn band and tied in a bow at the back; otherwise the band is worn inside of a high dress collar with the points falling outside over the edges of the coller.

m a pad. Every sheet is stamped either

battleship.

CROSS PURPOSES.

M' R. and Mrs. Harwood had been hav ing a little matrimonial tiff—a mere nothing—only both were a triffe obstinate and consequently had succeeded in firsting one another thoroughly uncomfortable.

It was all about the summer holiday: and where they should spend them. The by Mr. Harwood's firm and he had been discussing the matter with his pretty wife over the breakfast table.

"I suppose we shall go to Hastings," she and said.

had said.

"Suppose we try Ramsgate or Cromer for a change," he replied.

"Oh, but we can't, you know," said Mrs. Harwood, with decision. "I promised mamma we should spend our holidays with her at Hastings. Besides, it makes it so much cheaper."

Mr. Harwood frowned. He had set his mind on going to a fresh place. Besides.

mind on going to a fresh place. Besides, although his wife's mother was a nice, sensible woman and not given to interfering with her daughter and son-in-law, he felt he could appreciate his rest all the better if he and Violet and the baby were by themselves. by themselves.

"I think it would be nice to go somehere else," he repeated. "Besides, it is been beastly hot in the city this immer. I want to go somewhere bracng-say the east coast."

"Well, we can't disappoint mamma," aid Violet, a little tartly. "Hastings doesn't suit me half so well is Ramsgate," replied the husband with

"I think it is very selfish of you not to do as I wish. If you were in the city nine hours a day, you'd know the value of fresh, bracing air."

"Not at all," said Violet, coldly; "it's you who are selfish. I only see mamma

wice a year."
"Quite enough, too, he growled.
And so the discussion had ended, un-descently, and for the next day they treated one another coldly, and with a kind of dignified politeness that was exas-

perating to both.

It was not until two or three days before
the time for departure arrived that the
subject was referred to again, and this time the result was more disastrous than ever.

Violet refused point blank to give way and doing it without much tact, Harry feit himself called upon to be equally obstinate. "Of course, you can go where you please,"

been in place about one year, and were
the first of a half dozen ordered by the
government for the defenses of the harbors
of New York and San Francisco.
Other guns will be placed at Boston and
the important coastwise cities included in

the fortifications plan of the War Department. The success attending the trials at San Francisco has settled to the satisfac- a bad time with Mr. Harwood that day.

But she'll think that I'm an angel

(The disguise perhaps is thin),

-Life.

e boxes and he had strapped them for her,

What time will you leave the office

"About half past 4, I expect," he said

"I suppose you will come on to Hastings," she said acidly.
"No, I shan't," he replied. "I shall re-

If she had asked the question in a differ-

ent tone of voice he might have given a different answer.

Nothing more was said until Harry wa

remarked coldly:
"If you feel disposed to alter your mind

about coming to Hastings, you need not pack a portmantenu. I am taking every-

She had taken it for granted he would give in, and was beginning to feel rather

alarmed at the prospect of going alone,
"Thanks," he replied, with a laugh, "I shan't alter my mind. Good-bye, dear,
I hope you'll enjoy yourself. Take care of baby."

Then he patted her head kindly, and

kissed her, to which she submitted with studied indifference, and left the house.

But he hadn't been gove ten minutes be

fore she gave in and had a comfortable

To go to Hastings alone was ridiculous.

How humiliating it would be she reflected.

to arrive at her mother's house with her baby and luggage and no hasband. For one thing, she would get little sympathy, as her mother would certainly be angry, and tell her she was a slily girl to manage things so badly. Besides, it might lead to a

to want everybody to know that she and Harry had had a difference. family quarrel, and she had too much sens

Then she wrote out a telegram: "Please

come with me to Hastings; I cannot go

without you," but was not satisfied with it

and tore it up.

After a few minutes' reflection she wrote

out another, which she addressed to Hast

It was quite true the baby was rather out

At 5 o'clock there was a ring. Thinking

it was Harry. Violet, anxious to make peace.

answered it herself. To her surprise she found her mother standing at the door.
"My dear girl," said the elder indy, anxiously, "how is the baby? I got your

of sorts, and she decided she would wait a home for Harry, make it up with him, and

get him to accompany her next day. But a surprise was in store for her.

"Cannot come today; baby not well."

on will want in my trunk."

ready to start for the office, when

and carried them down stairs ready for

And then she'll be taken in.

the cabman

cheerfully.

main in London.

So she'll let me enter freely

telegram at 10:30, and as I knew you

telegram at 10:30, and as I knew you wouldn't telegraph for nothing, I couldn't rest without coming up to see you. I hope there is no danger?"

"Oh. no!" stammered Violet, "baby's only a little out of sorts—it's—no—nothing to—r—speak of. But I'm glad you've come."

Then she took her mother into the dining room and wisely told her what had happened.

"But we won't wait for Harry; he'll behere directly; we'll have tea at once," she said at last.

But Harry didn't arrive.

But Harry didn't arrive.

A couple of hours slipped away, and
the dimer hour-7:30-sounded, but still
Harry didn't come. Violet grew nervous
andanxious, but she was as hamed to show it.
"Shall I serve dimer?" said the servant.
"No, wait ten minutes; your master
may be late," replied her mistress, hesitatinely.

tingly.
At last they had dinner and after it At last they mad clinier and after it was finished the two laddes sat down to talk housekeeping, though Violet's mind ran on nothing but can accidents, railway collisions and other cheerful topics. They sat up until 12. He had not arrived. Violet made a pretense of going to bed, but in reality sat up all night in a dressing may walking an and down the room, and

gown, walking up and down the room, and repenting her obstinate pride.

It was while they were at breakfast, next morning that she heard his well-known step and a latel key opening the front door.

She met him in the hall, "How's baby?" he said, anxiously, "Baby's all right," she replied in amaze

ment.

'Thank God," he replied. "I've been to
Hastings. I thought it seemed sneakish
to let you go alone. When I got there I saw
your telegram about baby being ill; so I spent the night on the sofa and came up by t the night va 6 o'clock train."

FARGO'S DIVORCE INDUSTRY

It Pays the Town About a Quarter of a Million Dollars Annually

Minneapolis Journal.

North Dakota has gained considerable notoriety throughout the East for the case with which divorces are secured within its borders. Fargo has more fame in this direction than any other town, for various reasons. It is most easily reached and affords the pleasure-loving contingent greater opportonities than any city in the State, except Grand Forks. Its hotels are new and up to date and there are numerous private boarding houses that cater especially to those who are here to end their marital troubles.

The modus operandi is simple. In nine cases out of ten the defendant in the suit is as willing that a decree should be secured as the plaintiff, and aids in every possible way by accepting service and employing a local legal light to look after his interests. In such cases the decree is often secured within ten days after the ninety-day proba-tion has expired. In fact it has sometimes occurred that the divorce was granted within ninety-one days after the applicant arrived in Fargo. In these cases, of course, personal service was secured, and there was no contest in the way of allmony. In cases of desertion, or in others, where the residence of the defendant is unknown, six weeks additional is required for the pub-

lication of summons. The attorney's fee varies from \$50 to any higher amount with the troube necessary to secure the decree and the ability of the plaintiff to pay. The colony includes people in all walks of life. Even laboring men come here and work while establishing their residence. These are the exception however. The seekers after single blessedness are, as a rule, well supplied with funds and able to pay liberally for what they get. Some distinguished The attorney's fee varies from \$50 to of the plaintiff to pay. The colony includes people in all walks of life. Even laboring men come here and work while single blessedness are, as a rule, well supplied with funds and able to pay liberally for what they get. Some distinguished people have been temporary residents of

people have been temporary residents of the State, and are men and women in all walks of life, and titled foreigners are not an exception.

The alworce business has frequently been referred to as a North Dakota industry, and is really to be regarded as such. A canvass of the hotels and private boarding houses shows that there are today about 150 members in the local divorce colony. This means from \$3,000 to \$5,000 per month for

instle of Bernstorff, where thirteen royal

personages are staying, although the astle is not so much larger than a gentlenan's country seat. The downger-empress of Russia is sailsed with two small and very simply furashed rooms, the Princess of Wales has only one foom, and the Greek royal couple

In spite of the want of room, the two eldest daughters of the Danish royal family prefer living at Bernstorff, as they were educated there and spent their youth there, playing as children in the park. Court life in Bernstorff is very All rise early and assemble at 8 'clock in the queen's apartments, where reakfast is served. Luncheon is at 1 'glock, and afterwards walks and drives ire taken, while the younger members of the royal family play tennis on the great lawn in front of the castle.

The morning of departure arrived and they sat down to breakfast. Harry had recovered his temper and was disgustingly good natured and polite. Violet had packed The Princess of Wales and the downgerempress generally walk out together, and when they are fired take the first cab they meet and drive back to Bernstorff. The gentlemen ride, and while the Prince f Wales is there large shooting parties are arranged. Five o'clock ten is served in the queen's rooms, and dinner is at 7, when there are generally five or six courses. The evenings are spent in the queen's apartments.

The Princess of Wales and her imperial ister take their seats at the grand plane which stands in the middle of the room. It is a very valuable instrument, a gift from the late czar to his mother-in-law. The young English princesses sing old English songs. The gentlemen generally play cards in adjoining rooms. Queen Louise is passionately fond of music. She is a brilliant planist, and her daughters have inherited her talent. The Princes: of Wales especially is a most zealous player. At 11 the royal party retires to rest, and when the castle clock strikes miduight only the tramp of the sentry in front of the castle breaks the stillness.

Has Trouble With His Income According to a correspondent of the San Francisco Cail, Winfield S. Stratton, the owner of the famous Independence mine of Cripple Creek, who was a poor carpenter three or four years ago, is now worth \$20,000,000, and he could get \$12,000,000 for his mine any day. When asked recently why he did not sell, he replied: "What could I do with such money? I could not nanage such a large sum in one bunch; I would certainly lose it. I have enough trouble with \$200,000 per month income now. I can't find any investment for it. As long as my money is in the mine, I know where it is, and when I want more I know where I can take it out.

A Pipe in Peace

It's a wise wife who cheerfully toler ates a pipe, who only lifts her eyebrows at muddy boots, who doesn't ridicule her husband's clumsy efforts at carpentry men-ing around the house, who often admits the dogs to the sitting-room, and lets an occasional extra man in for dinner with

out rebuke or apology.

These are little things, but they all go toward keeping a cheerful husband inside the garden gate and tend to firmly establish domestic serenity.

acretremeth of mind

to face-and now when a good share of those difficulties werelaid to rest with ber husband, the late duke, in the family vanit at Longiands; now, when she he Claudia Putnam, her son's flancee, with banishment was to last whom she was busy planning alterations and renovations for the new regime.

and renovations for the new regime.

But the moment was robbed of all its savor by this forrible catastrophe; this —what clise could she call it?—this driveling idiocy of the least plain and most hopeful of her six ungainty daughters. She would have kept the hateful story entirely to herself if she could, but her heart was too full for silence, besides Claudia and fer fair share of Yankee shrewdness—she might soverest a brilliant subtition of the might suggest a brilliant solution of the problem—so, as they sat over a cup of tea in her boudoir, the duchess opened her new trouble to her future daughter in-haw. "I'm afraid, Claudia dear," she began, "In atraid, Chandra dear, she began, 'that we are going to have serious fromble with Henrietta." Claudia was very fond of the duchess, so she tried to look sympathetic, though with Lady Henrietta, who was wrapped up in parish work, who were impossible clothes, and did her hair grotesquely, she had no sympathy whatever.

whatever. "Dear me" she replied. "I'm sorry to bear it, I hope she's not sick."
Sick." repeated the duchess. "I wish she were, or anything half so sensible. The fact is, she has been and got herself

entangled in a most unbecoming love affair. Miss Potnam opened her blue eyes very wide and set down her teacup with a jerk. 'My!' she exclaimed, "and who on earth

this been making love to Henrietia?"

The duchess lowered her voice, "My

her, it sets such a good example, and we've always had a married curate before; how

a young man in a shooting suit. He was a

marry a woman use remretes, even it was a saddler's son. I'm dashed if I could even feel spoony on her."

Mass Putnam looked at him. She was going to marry a man very like Henrietta, and she did not feel very spoony on him.

went on his grace, "to lose his heart to a girl like Henrietta. And he's so obstimite, too, about it; seems as if he really cared about her. I thought perhaps it was mostly ambition—her title and that sort of thing, you know—and I've offered him all my be fluence in the way of a leg up to preferment, but he won't hear of it. Funny thing, ain't it? Now, if it had been a girl like

you, Claudia—''
"Duchess," cried Miss Putnam, suddenly interrupting her lover. 'I have an in-spiration. You just send Henrietta away. She can go to Jericho or anywhere she can go to bereno, or anywhere clee, for a month or so, and when she comes back the engagement will be broken off. I'll mannge it, you bet?"
She wouldn't answer any questions. She said she thought she understood the exact.

lie of the land. They might leave

to her. So to her it was left, and the next day Lady Henrietta was packed off to a married coasin in South Wales. The following day, at Lady Aenrietta's customary hour. Miss Putnam walked into the village schoolroom. She wore a dainty blue cambric frock, which fitted her as no frock in Henrietta's lifetime had ever fitted her. The little bors and girls opened their eyes wide to look at her, so did the schoolmistress, and so did Mr. Gibson, the curate, who was hearing the whole school in its church catechism.

"Good morning." said Miss Putnam. sweetly, "I am staying at the Towers. I

ilemma of the Juchess

T was really very have come in Lady Henrietta's place this morning. She has gone away for a few weeks, and she would like you all to know hard on the poor duchess, especially after all the tolland-She looked round the room as she said She looked round the room as she said it, and finally fixed her eyes on the cur ate's frank, simple face.

"I hope," he began, healthtingly, "that Lady Henrietta is not ill. This absence is so un—unforseen."

"Guess not," said Miss Putnam. "She isn't fil, she never was better in her life but the duchess thinks a change will de her a world of good."

"Her grace is very cruel," murmured the curate. labor she had ungradgingly expendive progeny. Heriot hard enough ever since she had been a duchess; even before her wedding cake had grown stale she had been coping with difficulties bruint difficulties. which it required al

"I beg your pardon?" said Claudia, blandly "Tog your pardon?" said Claudia, blandly "I was about to say," resumed the curate, turning to the expectant children, "that as her holyship is unable to come this morning, you will be deprived of the interesting object lesson she generally gives you. I'm sure you will all be very sorry."
"Oh, they shan't must their object lesson," said Chudia, still more blandly. "I've promised Lady Henrietta to give it to them for her."

The curate had been in the habit of stay-ing for Lady Heuricia's object lessonjust managed to retrieve the chartered dural for ones by bringing of the engagement of her city dissipated son, the present looke to flaming Putnam, therichest American heiress of the season, now for this blow to fall upon her, it was really too bad. The only balm to her auguish was that it had fallen at Longiands, in the wilds of Yorkshire, and that the whole thing nagat be husbed up and hustled into oblivion with out any one being any the wiser. She had gone to Longiands to recruit after her superhuman expenditure of energy during the London season; her only guest was Chaodia Poluann, her son's finnce, with

"I don't know," was Miss Putnam's re-ply; "I suppose she won't come back till the Duchess chooses." "The children will miss bersadly," moaned

the curate. "Guess we must make it up to them," said Claudia, graciously, "Pve promised Henri-ettato stand as much in the gap as possible."

He gave her a grateful look "When shall I come and give another object lesson?" she went on "Tomor-

object lesson?" she went on. "Tomorrow?"

"Oh, no," said the corate, "tomorrow's geography day. Her ladyship always gives a geography lesson on Thursday."

So Claudia put on another bewitching frock, varied her trinkels, and did her best with a geography lesson on Thursday, which was mainly devoted to, a flattering but insecurate description of the United States. On Friday she wrestled with sums, and by decrees she learned the wholeschool routine. degrees she learned the whole school routine. She also visited, under Mr. Gitson's escort, one or two of Henrietta's old women, who he thought, would reel themselves neglected in her absence.

Her fiance laughed at her. "I see what you're up to," he said, "of course it's a dever move, but it's rather rough on a succeptible assible Gibson."

Why do you call him an ass," naked Miss Params sharnly "because his father is a degrees the learned the wholeschool routine

Putnam sharply, "because his father is a

saddler?"
"It's a spiendid opportunity for you to make yourself popular in the parlsh, dear," said the duchess. "Of course when you are mistress here you will like to be popular among the people." saddler?

among the people."

"I suppose I shall, "said Chardin, musingly.
But in spate of her incipient popularity
she would not have the marriage harried
on; she was equally deaf to the duke's impatience and the duchess' hints.

There are such heaps of things to do and to think of before anything can be fixed," she said vaguely, when her finnce urged the matter upon her.

"Well, get on with the heaps of things, then," he reforted, "and don't piffle away so much time at that confounded school." And Lady Henrietta was still in banish-ment in South Wales. Finally, Miss Putnam's stay at Longiands

came to a rather unsatisfactory end, for she went away to London leaving the wed-

she went away to London leaving the wed-ding day untixed and the hangings for the new drawing room unchosen. The day after her departure there were two letters for the duchess, one from the curate; the other from Miss Putnam. She opened the former first, because she felt more curious as to its contents.

She broke off as the door opened to admit a young man in a shoosting suit. He was a plain, insignificant-looking personage, with a nair of extreme self approaxal.

"I've just been telling Clandia about this stopic arrives the stores receive directly, perhaps, \$2,000 per month in the way of divorce trade. The semiment of the citizens is entirely in favor of the "industry." The matter is looked at purely from a business standpoint and is advocated on all sides.

ROYALTY'S SIMPLE LIFE.

Economical Existence at the Castle of Bernstorff.

London Daily News.

A Copenhagen correspondent gives the following account of court life at the Constle of Bernstorff, where thirteen royal.

Henrietta. She ain't pretty; t'other way about rather she's goino money; and she's years older than he is. I'm dashed if I marry a woman like Henrietta, even if I was a saddler's son. I'm dashed if I could even feel spoony on her. Mass Patham looked at him. She was going to marry a man very like Henrietta, and she did not feel very spoony on him; she had accepted him for sundry reasons, love being by no means the first or foremost.

"He most be anawfully susceptible chap," went on his grace, "to lose his heart to a letter. "Dear child," she mormured, as she

broke the scal.

"My dear dachess," she read, and with each succeeding line her dismayed astonishment increased: "I'm glad I came to stay at Longlands before I took the irrevocable step to the altar. I don't want to say anything masty or mean, but, really, I resear did core about the dake: I only acsay anything mast, or mean the dake; I only accepted him because I thought you'd made up your mind to have me for a daughter in law; I should have made him perfectly miserable if I had married him. Mr. Gibson finds, too, that he made a great miscake in thinking he cared for Henrietta. He explained it all to me, and I am quite satisfied. He and I are going to be mar-ried before Advent. I shar't mind having

a saddler for a father-in "aw. Yoursalways,
"CLAUDIA PUTNAM."
The duchess threw the letter across the
table to her son. "Read that, Southdown."
site said, "we've got Henrietta out of her
scrape most splendidly."
It really was too hard on the poor duchess.

Her Voice Is for War.

An Atchison woman says she hopes there will be a war, and that her husband will enlist. She believes that a winter of break fasts of coffee dregs and hard-tack, partaken of by a smoky fire in the snow, would make him appreciate the coffee and hot pancakes he gets in his cozy dining room at home.—Atchison Giobe.



"Excuse me back, Divlin!" "With pleasure, O'Hara, havin a knowledge av yer face."

-Life.